

Polit. Pamph. No. 125.
T W O

VERY SINGULAR
ADDRESSES

TO THE

People of *England*:

Faithfully printed from the Originals,
'after performing a Quarantine of
'more than Forty Days.'

Interdum populus rectum putat.

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT at the *Black Swan* in
Pater-noster-Row.

MDCCLVII. *Feb.*

VERY
AND R. S. S.

Books of



Original
of
1842

the

LONDON

Printed for J. S. S. at the
1842

THE
St. Giles's ADDRESS,
TO

A—— S——, Esq; &c. &c. &c.

“ Oh! save us, all!

“ More, of More-Hall.”

To A—— S——, Esq; Member of P——
l——, and all that.—Sub-Governor,
and all that.—L—— of T—— and all
that.—Secretary of B——s, and all that.—
P——te of I——d's own Brother, and
all that.—Half Brother to the Bishop of
D——y, and all that.—Owner of endless
Sine-Cures and Pensions (*both at Home
and Abroad*) and all that.—&c. &c. &c.
In Secula Seculorum—though, without
Amen, or so be it.

WE the Lamp-Lighters, Link-Boys,
Dustmen, Chimney-Sweepers,
Cinder-Sifters, Carmen, Porters,
Shoe-Cleaners, Hackney-Coachmen, and
B (late)

(late) Bruisers of the ancient Corporation and County of the Town Palatinate of St. Giles's, in the common Highway assembled (having no common Hall, like other Bodies Politic) most humbly beg Leave *not* to approach any royal Throne, at present, for certain Reasons. But, keeping all due Distance, on Account of our several disagreeable Professions and Situations (many of us, by Reason of the very hard Times being unhappily without Breeches, Shoes, or Stockings) beg Leave to inform you (out of Sight, though, for the Reasons aforesaid) by this printed Paper, (our two *dirty* Representatives having *clean* refused us the Office of delivering it in Writing, though fairly penn'd and well spelt by a very learned Exciseman, who must be nameless; because, forsooth, one *shines off* Shoes, and the other lights Lamps in and about a certain great House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*) of the manifold Injuries and Distresses we endure, and have endured by a late Ad——n, which we dared not speak, or give an Hint of before: As we are well convinced, by
past

past Instances of their Persecution, that they, and their several *Com-Rogues* would have walk'd on Foot, sat without Fires, pok'd their Way in the dark, clean'd their own Shoes, and carried their own Messages and Parcels themselves, rather than let any of us get Bread by our several Professions above-mentioned.—We therefore congratulate you on a Change of Men and Manners of course.—As we are well convinced No-body will ever tread in their Steps again.

THE Loss of *Minorca* was a more fatal Stroke to us than the Game or Gin Acts, of very melancholy Memory! And, tho' *the Events of War are uncertain* (as it has been read to us by the nameless Excise-man, from a printed Paper, which we always believe) we do still imagine it might have been preserved, had you, dread Sub-Governor, and Serene Sir! had *but half* the Management of it. By means of this Capture to the Enemy, many *Turkey* Merchants, who had us'd to have twenty Fires blazing at once, and of

course, so many Chimnies to sweep, now are forced to do their Business at Coffee-Houses, for Want of Money to buy Coals at Home. Their Wives call aloud for no Coaches, though their own are laid down, their Maid-Servants, which they never did before, sift their own Cinders.— Their very Apprentices, when they cross the Way, never pay the Link-Boy, but cry, like Courtiers, *another Time*.—And, their Porters carry the Letters and Messages, who used to stay in the Warehouse; and, to our utter Ruin, pocket the Money themselves.—All owing to the irreparable Loss of *Minorca*!

WE dread, most dreadful Sir and Sub-Governor! the longer Abode of foreign Mercenaries among us.—For, though they are Gentlemen and wear Swords and laced Hats, now; yet should the Times alter, they may, rather than go Home again, and quit this delicious Country, turn to one or other of our Trades.—And we are now, too many to live comfortably.—Many Inhabitants of our ancient Palatinate
having

having been choaked lately, and lost their Lives, for Want of getting *honest* Bread.

WE freely offer (say the several Drivers for themselves) our Coaches and Carts to convey these Hirelings to the Sea Side; together with their Concubines, their Issue, and all other heavy Baggage, that shall, on Examination, be found to be their own, allowing for some little Mistakes in borrowing or making free with such Trifles, as a few *Handkerchiefs* of their Neighbours or most intimate Acquaintance, during a long Campaign, in this very strange Country; where, merely, through Ignorance of the Laws, they did not suspect, that *Thieving* was *Theft*. And we hope, the hundred Colliers now unladen, will convey them just out of Sight, at least; which will be some Satisfaction to the Kingdom in general, and us in particular: where old Admiral *Nep-tune*, for we are always¹ Masters of the Ocean, will be ready, and open his Arms to receive them; which will answer our
most

most eager Wishes for the rest of their Voyage, and their Lives.

A standing constitutional Militia, of good and *sound* Constitutions, is what we also most earnestly wish for, in the Room of a very *rotten* and tottering Army.— And we all! (particularly the Body of Chimney - Sweepers) think that those Farmers and Tradesmen, who have Fires of their own, will more naturally defend them, than a Set of People, who, when the Time comes would kindle a much greater perhaps, and burn all before them. So that no Chimnies would be left for the Knights of the most noble and ancient Order of the *Wooden* Shovel.

OUR Taxes, dread Sir ! are insupportable ; we are forced (a Circumstance we hope you never knew) to eat Red Herrings for a Relisher, as dry Salt is become so dear.—We talk in the dark, not having or being able to have any Candles : Nor dare we, like Foreigners, to borrow Things of our Neighbours, which needs
must

must come *to light*. The Soot falls down on our *very little* Dinners, for Want of being able to get our Chimnies swept.—The Lamps which Gentlemen pay the same Price for, as formerly, scarce burn till Midnight; though before the Loss of *Minorca* we could light our Morning Pipes by them, when we went out to Work, which now costs us very dear at the Alehouse; where, by the great Price of Coals, we are forbid even to smell the Fire, till we pay for it. And when we ask why these Things are so? the very Tankard-Carrier, cries aloud,—*Why, 'tis Cozz of Minny-Orkey.*

THE lean *Hessian* Horses are grown plump on our Hay and Corn, while our Coachmen and Carmen, as they say, and sure they know what they feel, can scarce keep theirs alive, on Account of the Prices of those two valuable Commodities.—In short, with our new Ministry, new Treasury, and new Admiralty, we (distantly) hope for new Treasures, new Measures, and new Admirals; with
Ships

Ships under them that will go three Feet for one of the Enemy.—So as to overtake them, and take all that is in them, in Spite of superior Numbers or Weight of Metal.

THE bringing one proper Offender to Justice, we see already done : But hope, no Peticoat or Borough Interest will change his Sentence, if he deserves it.—Nor shall our Ladders be wanting (say the Lamp-Lighters) short as they are, to bring them all to a *proper End*. For, by Fastening several of them together, we shall be able to lift them as high as *Haman* ; the History of whom the nameless Exciseman often reads to us by Day-light. We are ready in our several Stations to do our Duty against the common Enemy.—The Carmen and Coachmen will drive over all foreign Invaders, except *H—*, and *H—s*. The Chimney-Sweepers and Dustmen will blind them and their Designs, with Clouds of Soot and Ashes.—The Body of Lamp-Lighters and Link-Boys will, at the Peril of *their Lives and Fortunes*,

Fortunes, extinguish all their Lights, and leave them in the dark to shift for themselves.—The whole Company of Porters will deliver their Letters to wrong Places, So that no kind of Invasion can succeed while we are firm and guilty of no Evasions, like a late M——y.—We also wish some better Method could be found for the Manning our Navy, than Pressing Men by a Parcel of squeezing Constables; who, together with their Mightinesses the Justices, when they are so gracious as to discharge them, charge the poor Wretches more than they can pay; and then use them ill for Want of more Money.

WE wish you, dread Secretary and Lord! all those Comforts we are robb'd of, by Means of an expensive and unlucky War in the *East* and *West Indies*,—Spices, Rum, Tea, and Sugar, which our Wives will have twice a Day, good Fish and Flesh; and Plenty of Oats for your young P——s Horses, that he may be well drawn; and not drawn

side by worſe Beaſts, Beaſts of Prey, as his Royal G——r has been, and as is, too often the Fate of many honeſt and good-natured Men.

THOUGH we are only *Lodgers*, and cannot expect to be *Housekeepers* in theſe ſtrange Times, yet we are equally concerned in the Event of Things. And as as we cannot appear Abroad, at leaſt at the Court End of the Town, for Want of Breeches and other Trifles, as they may ſeem to you, dread Sir! We truſt you will ſhew this to your r—l P——. And we further truſt, that he will carry it a Step higher; otherwiſe, with Hands and Faces unwashed, ſince the Loſs of *Minorca*, we muſt, ſome *Sunday* Morning, that being a Day of Leiſure, Safety, and Cleanlineſs, if ever at all, make a long Arm, and lay our Miſeries at the Feet of his moſt very gracious M——y!

Whom GOD grant long to Reign,

SEALED

SEALED with our Common Thumbs,
for Want of a Common Seal, and given
as our *poor* Opinion, this 1st Day of
February, 1757.

Mark'd (not Sign'd) by

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H,
 &c. &c. &c.

*Who, whenever we appear, can shew a
Thousand, nay perhaps ten Thousand strong.*

T H E

be read with our Common Thematics
for Word of a Common Seal, and given
as our best Opinion, this 15th day of
February, 1757.

THOMAS (not signed) by

A. T. D. P. O. H.

ON 24. 25.

With reference to the above
Statement of the Committee

THE
Loyal *Irish* ADDRESS

OF THE
Kingdom of *Ireland*,
Its Ownself;

TO THE
Duke of, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

“ *Out of thy own Mouth will I judge thee.*”

WE the whole Nation of the
People of *Ireland*, not daring
even to whisper to one another
in private, our many Grievs, Anxieties,
and Distresses, beg Leave therefore, to
speak them aloud thus in Public. And
having long waited at *Ring's End* for a
contrary Wind, to no Purpose, to attend
your

your Grace have now assembled ourselves in a very small Room, for Privacy, and, according to the exclusive Custom of this Country, do it thus in Writing,—which we know will reach you, let the Wind be ever so unfavourable.

OUR Troubles, insupportable as they still are, and may be, we still bear with Ease, tho' we can bear them no longer, for the last ten Years past. And that we may not be stil'd Grumblers without Reason, we beg you will permit us by Way of Confusion, to mention them in Order as they ought to stand,—one Thing following the other all at once.

THE ruinous Condition of the College of the University of *Dublin*, tho' now entirely rebuilt, more immediately concerns your Grace, as C—— thereof. A College founded by Queen *Elizabeth*,—endowed by her,—and now repairing by her own sweet Hands, almost two hundred Years ago.

THE

THE Loss of *Minorca*, lately by Nobody,—and our Liberties here, by Somebody are equal Jewels in our imperial Diadem. And we congratulate your Grace, as a Native of *England*, that a Native of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, did more than he could, to preserve the former; as Nobody, neither of one Country or the other, stirred a single Step to save and preserve the latter.

By being hindered the Exportation of Wool to any Part of the *British* Dominions except *France*, of which we read in every Act of Parliament, that your ——— is still the *right* King, prevents us drinking Claret privately, here for less than a *Thirteen* a Bottle. Whereas in *London*, its own City, we hear they publicly pay a *British* Crown,—which makes us a little jealous and not without Reason, that they love the People of *France* more than we our ourselves. A Lie we can always prove upon ourselves, both
Yester-

Yesterday, To-day, -- nay, every Day,
and all Night long.

ALWAYS conscious of these perilous Times, and ever careless of promoting Manufactures and Pieces of Mechanism, we beg leave in these alarming Days, to send you an Alarum-clock, made by a very curious Native of this City, tho' formerly born in *London*. The Use of it is too invisible not to be seen by more discerning Eyes than those of your Grace.— For, as Dangers and Invasions may happen at Midnight, when you are fast asleep; your Grace need but pull a small String and you may wake yourself, whenever, and as often as you please,—in the Day-time.

We hope a certain A——l, who shall be nameless, by Name Mr. B——g, may, if he deserve it, be brought to that Shame his Actions will and have intitled him to, whenever he shall be employed again, which we hope a ——— will prevent.—Being willing to overlook the first Fault,
be-

cause he is not a Native of this Imperial Realm. We also beg, that all Betrayers of their Country here, may be marked, some one Way, and some another; and others with no Marks at all, the better to distinguish them from those who seem to be Patriots, but are not so outwardly.

To encourage the Breed of Sheep and horned Cattle in this Imperial Kingdom, we beg the *Hessian* Horses may not be returned to their own Country, but sent by Land-Carriage over Sea to us. We also hope your Grace will use your little Influence with a late M——y, to promote the opening and digging of Coal-Mines in this Nation, its ownself; that we, like our ever-glorious and prudent Ancestors, may have the exclusive Trade still of carrying Coals to *Newcastle*:—for 'tis our undoubted Right, and never was or will be disputed!

WE beg also a small heavy Tax on Soap and Candles to be laid on us by our Parliament, to make it the surer:—That

D

we

we may not, like the People of *England* be plagued and dawb others, in making them ourselves. We have some distant, though very faint Hopes of a Land-Tax also among us, though fear we are too presumptuous to ask it; that the Natives of this Country may not draw all the Ready-Money out of it, but leave a little Silver behind them, to prevent the Trouble of counterfeiting *English* Halfpence.

WE should not be sorry to have the whole House of Commons made Peers of; that, for the future, we may all be of one Mind in an House. Nor ransacked, as Nature seems to be by Honours of this kind in *England* and this Imperial Kingdom, they will want Beasts for Supporters. The Ass, the Vulture, the Fox, and the Viper not being used by any Nobleman out of our Knowledge.

To encourage Learning, we beg some more *English* Bishops among us the first Opportunity, about the Equinox will be a proper Season: As also Commissioners,
 &c.

Ec. Ec. Ec. to teach us how to keep the
 Accounts of our own Duties. As also
 Lessons of Manners, by making us know
 our Distance when we come near them :
 and that we may have the Pleasure of
 seeing some of our Natives with Cloaths
 on, we humbly beg a dozen more *Eng-
 lish* Regiments of two Battalions each,
 our Nation in general, and more particu-
 larly the Ladies admiring the Colour
 of Red Scarlet. At the same Time
 speaking of Troops, we inform you with
 all Assurance, that we feel here, even in
 this Place, the heavy Weight of the fo-
 reign Troops in *England*; and beg they
 may be removed from us. Troops who
 hire themselves out to let from the King
 of G— B— to the E— of H—,
 are absolutely against the Constitution of
 this Kingdom, and appear like common
Kerry Stones in our Imperial Diadem,
 among a great many real and inestimable
 Jewels;—if we were but allowed to have
 a Crown of our own.

TIRED of seeing such Variety of
 Strangers in this Government, we pri-
 D 2 vately

vately with the K—g himself would come over to us, and be his own Lord Lieutenant. Not but that we expect great Things from the next Person, who went last away. Most of the preceding ones, who followed him, having been ungrateful and ungenerous enough, always to turn their Backs upon us, while they look'd us in the Face,

WE further beg the Bounty on Linnen may be taken from us, as we rather get than lose by it! for we have always observed, that in this Kingdom particularly, People are never so well pleased, as when they pay *Great Britain* a Balance.

NOTHING could more raise our Spirits than the making all Speakers of the House of Commons here, Peers immediately for the future, the Moment they are chosen. By which Means the Chair of that House will always be filled by a Nobleman: The Words *my Lord* having a better Sound, than plain *Mr. Speaker*.

To

To make our Rivers navigable we also beg, that Mills may be built, not exceeding the Distance of a Mile from each other, with a particular Clause, to make the first and the last the nearest together, according to the Custom of our Country.

If we could say more we should say much less ! but we would recommend one Thing more to your Grace's Consideration : Assaults on Peoples Persons are grown so frequent here, that we beg some Law may pass to prevent such Injuries for the future ; scarce a Week passing but People, without the least Provocation, are beat by themselves and others, till they often spit Blood out of their Ears and Eyes.

THE Loss of *Minorca*, and of course the *Levant* Trade, will, we fear raise the Price of Silk so much, that Nobody will be able to purchase or wear our Stuff Manufactures. A Law passed to make our Ladies wear no Gowns at all, we think would greatly

greatly encourage the Sale of *Irish* Stuffs and Poplins among ourselves.

WE beg more Divines to propagate the Gospel in these foreign Parts! We beg more Absentees to be among us! and we beg also, that Rewards and Punishments may be so distributed here, by some Law yet unheard of, as for Nobody guilty or innocent to escape unpunished.

WE hope the true Spirit of Gaming in this Country, has reached *England*, and that they will not be behind-hand with us in any such Acts of Loyalty, and Greatness of Spirit; and we further trust, that an Act may be passed, that all *English* B—ps, Commissioners, &c. who are supposed to be sick and at *Bath*, always may be believed when they say so, without any Physicians or Apothecaries Affidavit to prove it. — Still paying a Deference to those few of our Country, who never leave us nor ever desire it.

WE

WE have a great deal more to say at present, and therefore shall say no more now. We hope also, that as the whole Kingdom have uttered their Grievances thus, that the several Counties will follow our Example. To-morrow is gone and Yesterday is coming! Let us lose no more Time, but the present. 'Tis not too late to save us, though we by our Constitution had rather save ourselves.

GIVEN under our Hands, having never learnt to write, by certain Marks we are ignorant of, but are used to. And sealed with the Arms of the King's Imperial Kingdom of the City of *Dublin*, for Want of a proper Seal, or any Seal at all.

F I N I S.

We have a great deal more to say as
 present, and therefore shall say no more
 now. We hope also, that as the whole
 Kingdom have elected their Obedience
 that the several Counties will follow our
 Example. To-morrow is gone and yet
 today is coming! Let us be no more
 Time, but the present. It is not too late
 to save us, though we by our Constitution
 had rather have ourselves

GIVEN under our hands, having
 never been to any of our certain Members
 we are ignorant of, but are used to.
 And sealed with the Arms of the
 King's Imperial Kingdom of the City
 of Dublin for Want of a proper Seal,
 or any Seal at all.

F I N I S



